

BOOK REVIEWS

IN CHARGE OF
M. E. CAMERON



THE MANAGEMENT OF BABIES. By Mrs. Leonard Hill. Publishers, Edward Arnold, 41 43 Maddox Street, Bond Street, W., London. Price, 2s. cloth, 1s. paper.

This little book, appearing in the "Wallet Series of Handbooks," along with other handbooks on the "Collecting of Miniatures," "Motor-ing for Moderate Incomes," "Hockey as a Game for Women," "Water Color Painting," etc., etc., might possibly be discredited for keeping the company it does, but a most agreeable surprise awaits anyone who may investigate. Having in mind certain learned works on the care and successful rearing of infants, written by learned and scientific gentlemen, Mrs. Hill's deliciously womanly and delightfully motherly little book is something to be received with gratitude and passed on to all who may be interested. For nurses it holds many a hint, but mothers will form the greater class of its readers. The proper feeding of infants makes up the greater part of the book, added to which are very sane and reasonable suggestions for clothing, sleeping, dosing, etc. There are warnings against undue alarm over every little disorder and a timely caution against the family medicine chest. The last chapter, treating of the development of intelligence, begins with tremendous seriousness, and introduces a long quotation from Herbert Spencer (!), followed by another from Emerson, but Mrs. Hill does not dwell too long on the great responsibility of parents, passing quickly to the joy and delight of a mother's privileges, which she is pleased to express in a most beautiful lullaby (printed 1620), beginning "Upon my lap my sovereign sits." For those who may be ignorant of the right and proper games and rhymes, she introduces those time-honored classics, "This little pig went to market," "Pit, pat, polt, shoe the wild colt," "Pat-a-cake," "Browbender," and many favorites dear to baby hearts; and in so doing she drops the rather scanty mantle of science with which she has appeared as a learned lady and displays the very charmingest mother that ever a happy, jolly baby had.

MATERIA MEDICA FOR NURSES. By Lavinia L. Dock, Graduate Bellevue Training School for Nurses. Publishers G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York. Price \$1.50.

Miss Dock's *Materia Medica*, already too well known to need any

introduction, appears in its fourth edition revised and enlarged by Miss Bean, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses. The book has grown considerably since its first edition, and the present volume conforms with the changes made in the newest edition of the United States Pharmacopœia, and many new drugs and new preparations are added. It is very pleasant to Miss Dock's friends to find her book well mentioned by the *Medical Journal* (New York) and other publications.

THE PHYSICIANS' VISITING LIST FOR 1906, Published by P. Blakiston's Sons Co., 1012 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., provides memorandum space for twenty-five patients per week and includes very complete tables of signs, incompatibility, poisoning, the metric system, doses, and a new complete table for calculating the period of Utero Gestation. It is in pocket form and could be used with great convenience by nurses.

THE LONG DAY. The True Story of a New York Working Girl as Told by Herself. The Century Company, New York.

The popular saying that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives," is a very lame excuse often employed by stupid people, who use it in the belief that ignorance may be used like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. Of course, the saying can be used from any point of elevation from the highest to the lowest, and *vice versa*, but the favorite is the safe, comfortable, well-provided outlook of the better class, who perhaps are called upon to view the social disaster of some one in the lower walks of life and after the usual proper expression of regret comes the pat saying, and the subject is dismissed. Only occasionally some meddler or busybody may refuse to shelve the unpleasant topic without some inquiry, and introduces the unwelcome query, Who's to blame? Am I? Are you? Such a one was this New York Working-Girl when she wrote down the plain, uncompromising, hideous story of her efforts to keep life in her body honestly, without demanding decency, safety, or any of those surroundings which are blatantly and confidently proclaimed as the birthright of every American woman and the free gift to every alien women who comes to make this glorious republic her home.

A book almost without a man in it,—just a few impersonal shadows of men, if we except "brother Mason," the Moody and Sankey convert who on week days pilfered spices and perfumery for his lady and on Sundays as "supe" of the Mission Sunday School, did his "dirty best to push the gospel news along"—yet surely it is a book to be read by men